



Three Jolly Huntsmen

*Verses by Jessie Pope
Drawings by Frank Adams*



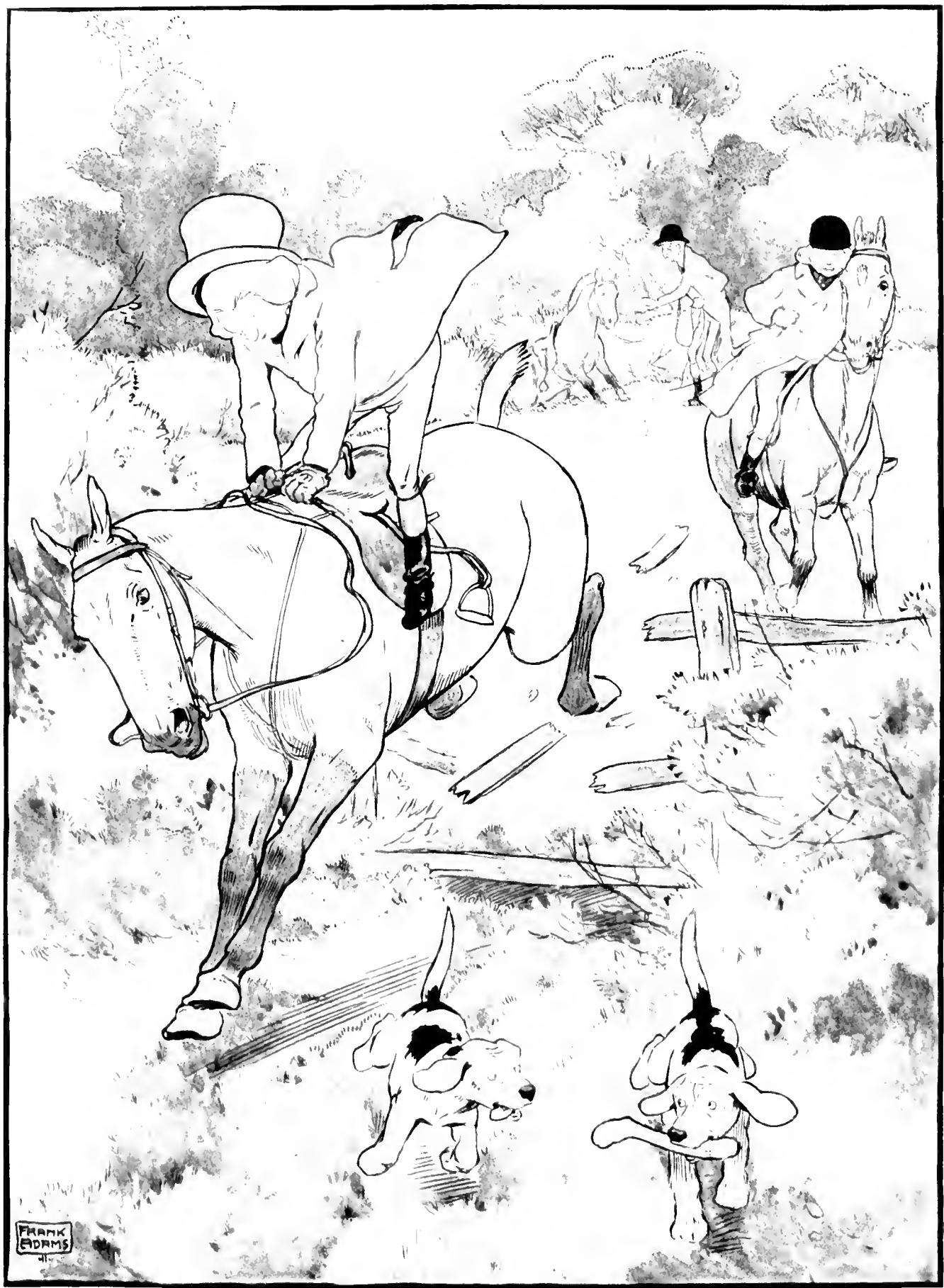
Three Jolly Huntsmen



Joe - Jerry and Jim

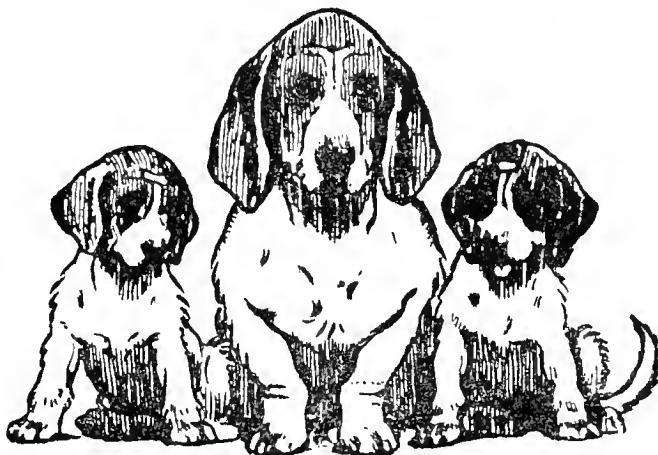


JOHN A. SEAVERNS





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Verses by Tessie Dope

Drawings by Frank Adams



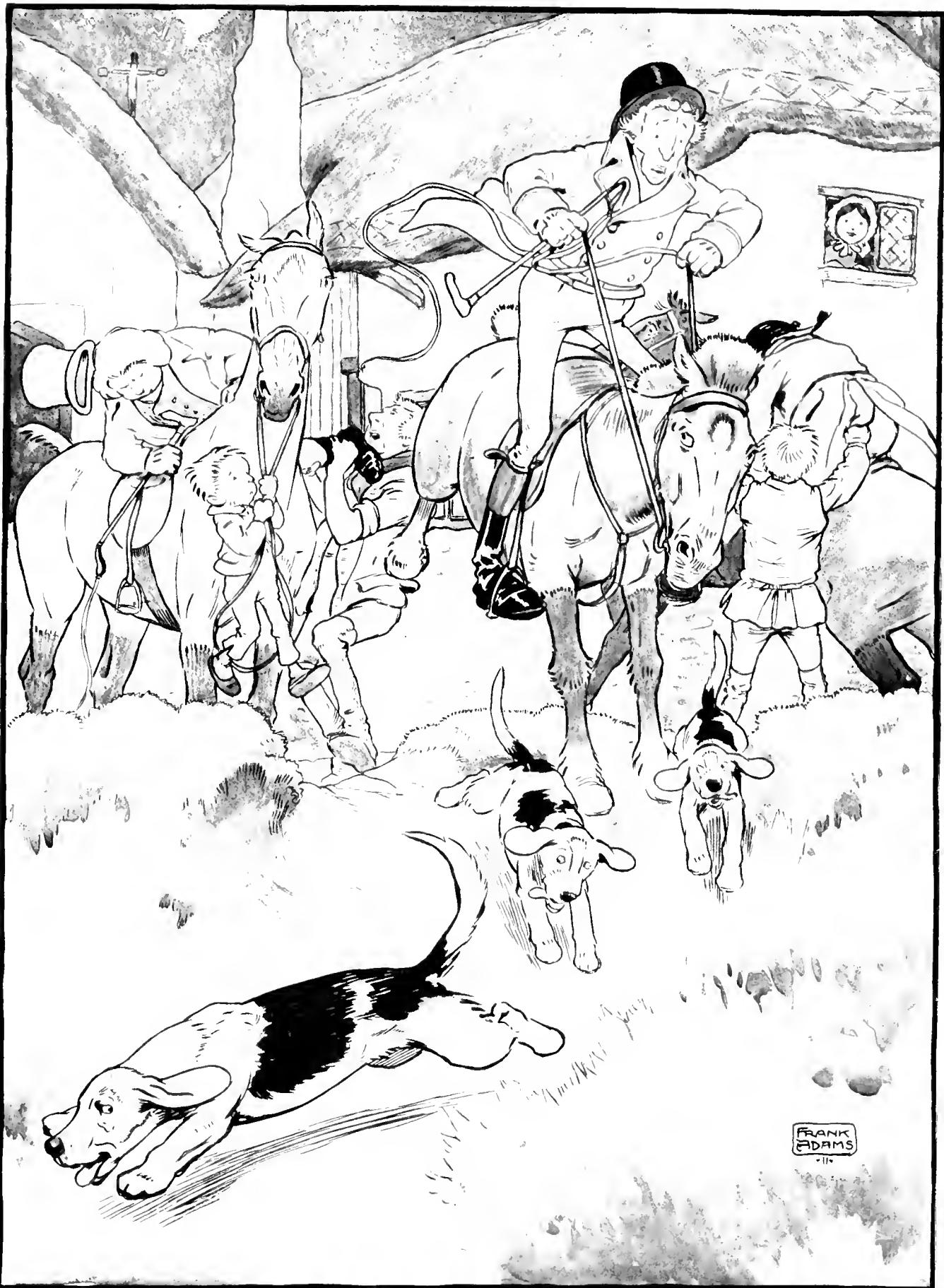
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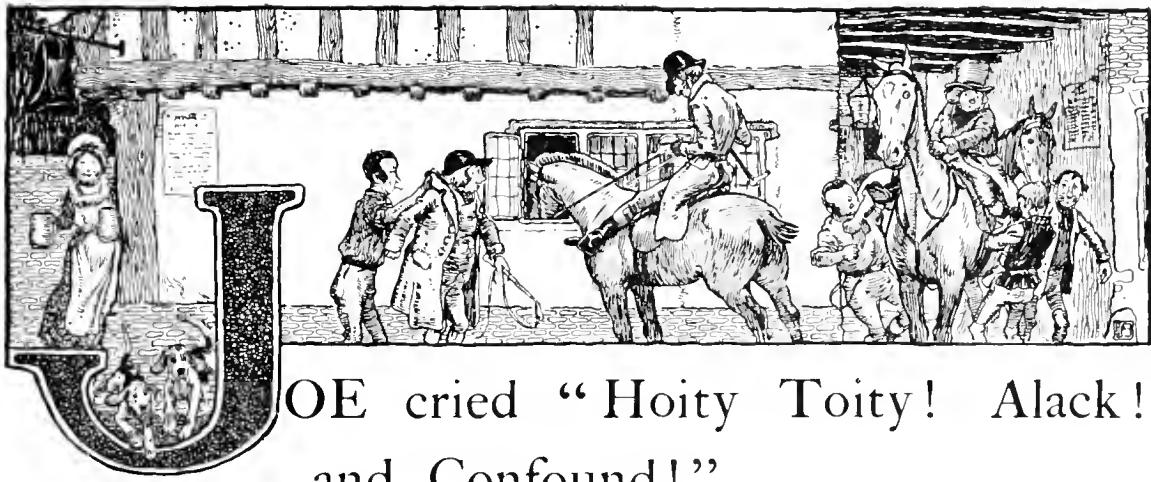
THREE jolly, old huntsmen, Joe,
Jerry, Jim,
Took lunch at “The Three
Cornered Hat”;
Now Jerry was lanky, but Joe wasn’t slim,
And Jim was delightfully fat.

They sat at the table and worked with a will
At all the good things spread about them;
They munched and they crunched and they
gobbled, until
The hunt started gaily without them.





FRANK
ADAMS



JOE cried “ Hoity Toity! Alack!
and Confound!”

Jim moaned, “ Let’s complain to the
Police!”

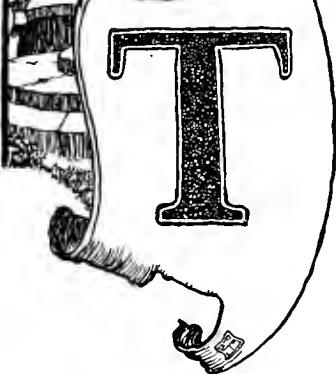
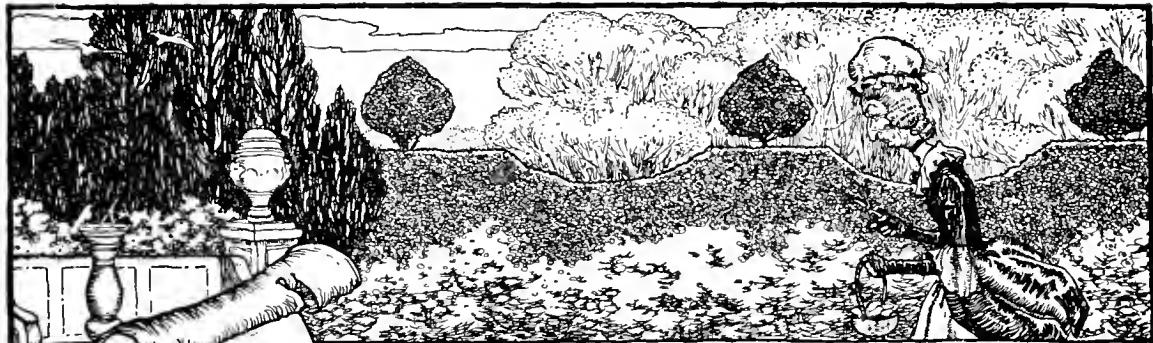
But Jerry remarked—“ I’ve an old basset
hound,

And you chaps have a puppy a-piece;

“ A hunt on our own is our only resource!”

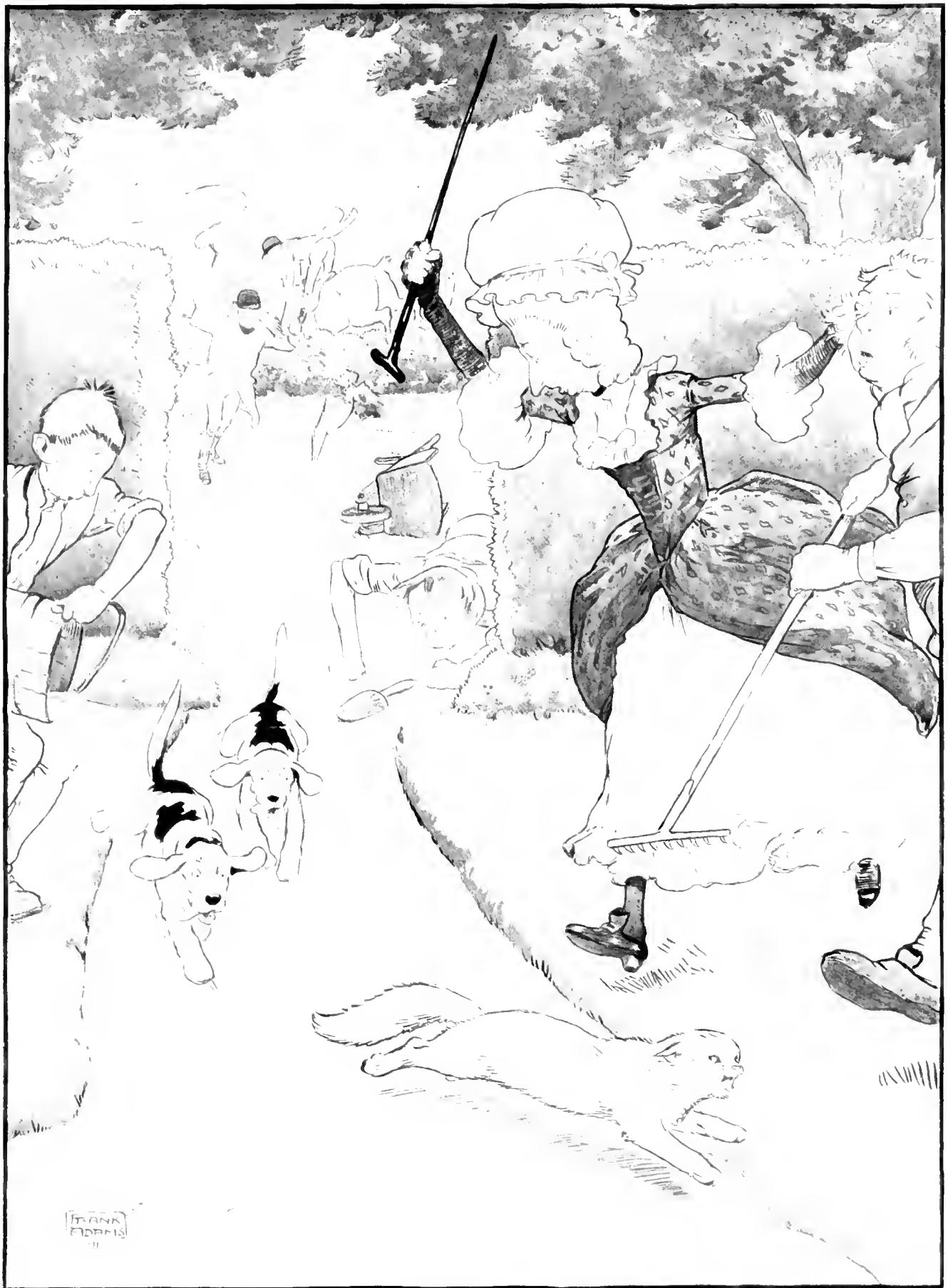
With rapture the hounds started yelping,
While each huntsman proceeded to climb on
his horse,

The ostlers and stable-boys helping.

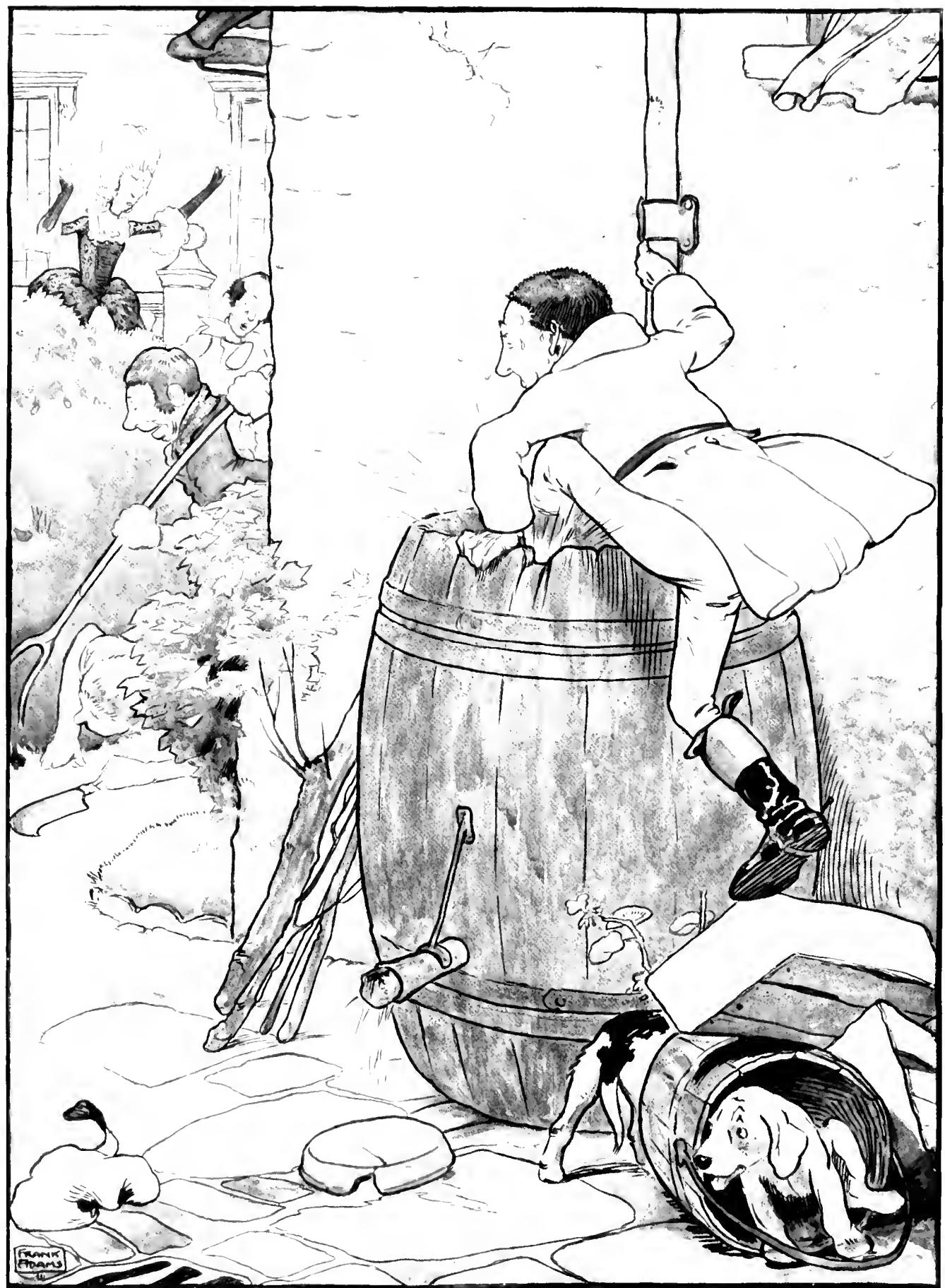


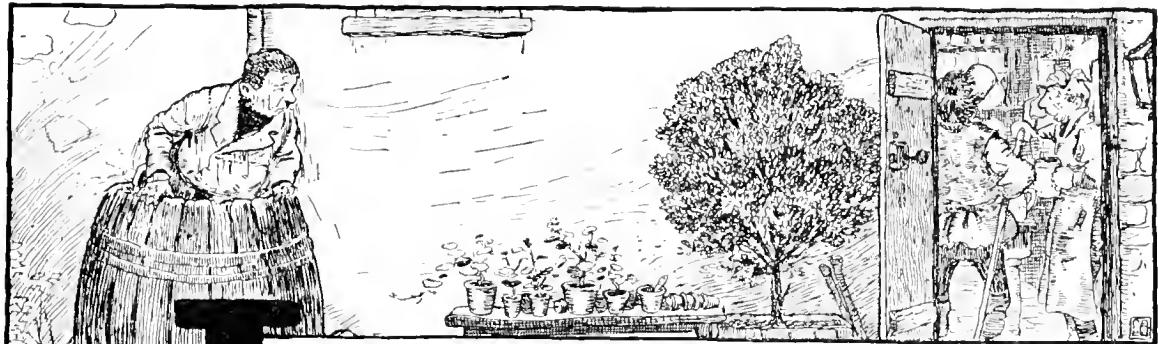
HE basset hound soon found a
scent to his taste;
He gave tongue and was off
like a shot,
Behind him the pups and the
hunting men raced,
For the pace was exceedingly hot.

But a garden of flower-beds, all bordered
with box,
Put an end to their sporting excursion;
For the riotous pack was not hunting a fox,
But Lady Polpero's pet Persian.



FRANK
ADAMS
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JIM and Jerry leaped back to the road whence they came,
Joe lingered to whip off the hounds;
Then he tried to escape from the furious dame,
But lost his way out of the grounds.

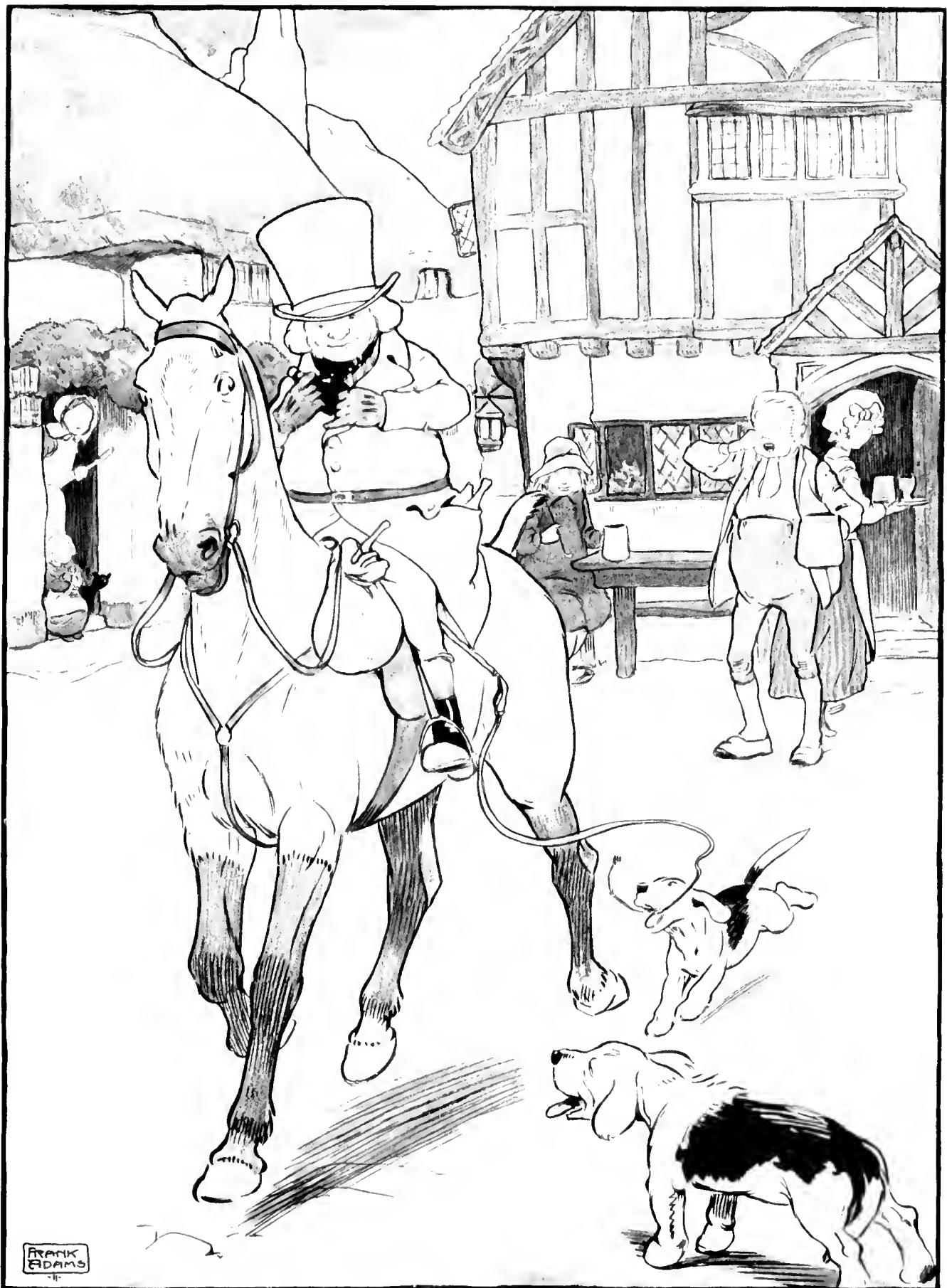
She made her men seek him with furious shout;
But he finally managed to thwart her,
By crouching, with only his nose sticking out,
In a water-butt, brimful of water.



N

OW Jim on his dappled mare
sturdily sat,
And trotted once more down
the street,
And he said, “Well, there’s this about
hunting a cat,
It makes me want something to eat!”

He bought half a chicken to gnaw on the
way,
And filled up his flask with brown sherry,
Then, lighting a weed, without further de-
lay,
He cantered away after Jerry.





FRANK
ADAMS



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T his flask he was taking a
leisurely pull,
When he heard a loud
roar in the rear,
And, turning, discovered a brisk looking bull
Drawing most disconcertingly near.

His Dapple was munching a tuft of sweet
grass,
And when urged to “gee hup!” she
refused to;
So Joe had to run on his own legs, alas!
At a pace that they’d never been used to.



H why," whimpered Jim, "am
I hunting in pink?

'T is a colour these savage brutes love!"

And he prayed as he raced, through the
ground he might sink
And leave his pursuer above.

Two yokels ran up and showed wonderful
sense

In using their forks as a lever,
And hooked the stout runaway over the
fence,
While the bull took it out of his beaver.







NOW Jerry till sundown continued the chase,

With his basset hound working a line
Which led them at last to a desolate place.
Thank goodness the weather was fine!

Beneath a gnarled oak tree they came to
halt,

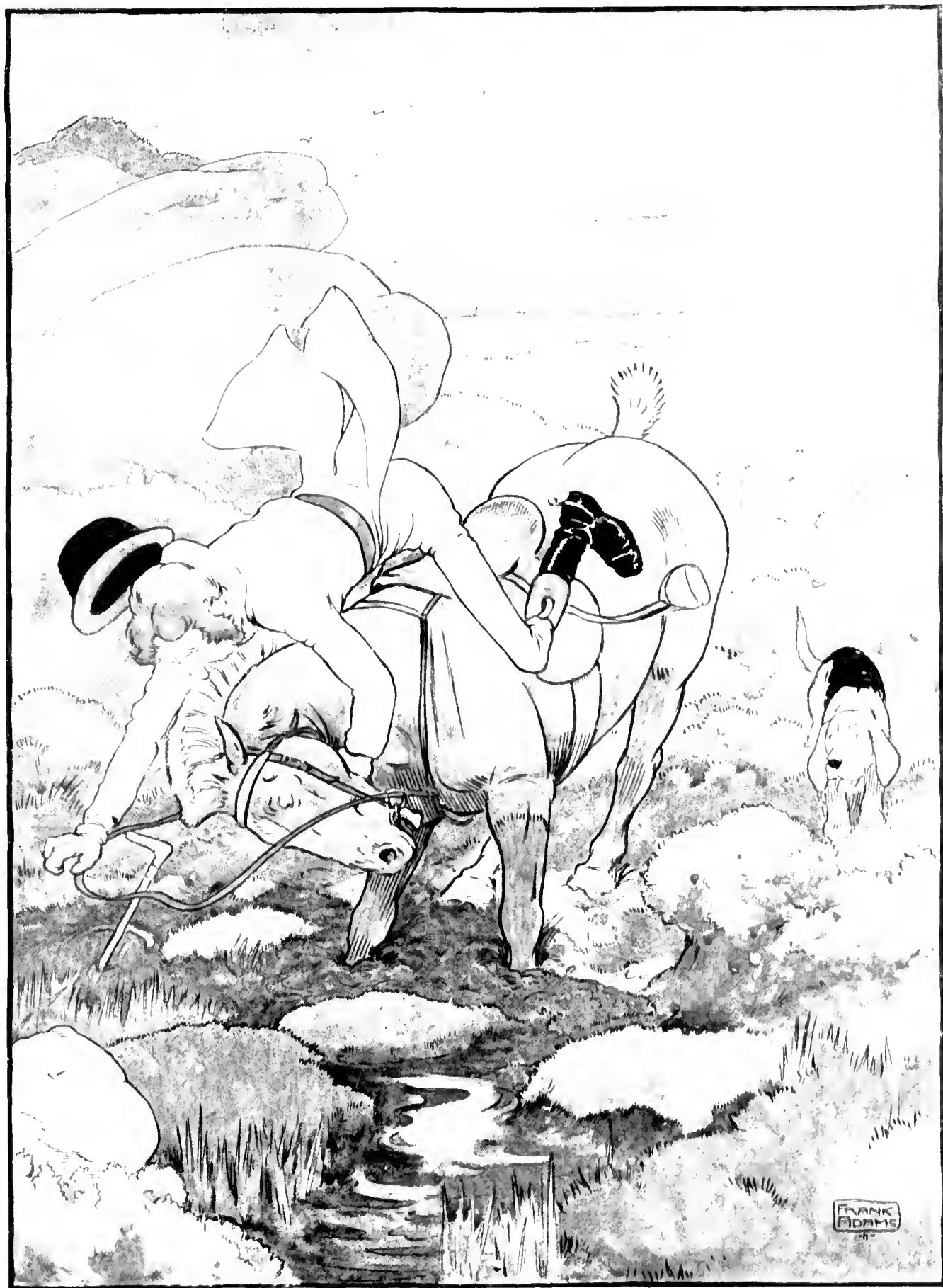
For there crouched a fury white Madam ;
Which proved that their hunting once more
was at fault,

And again had the Persian cat “had ‘em”.

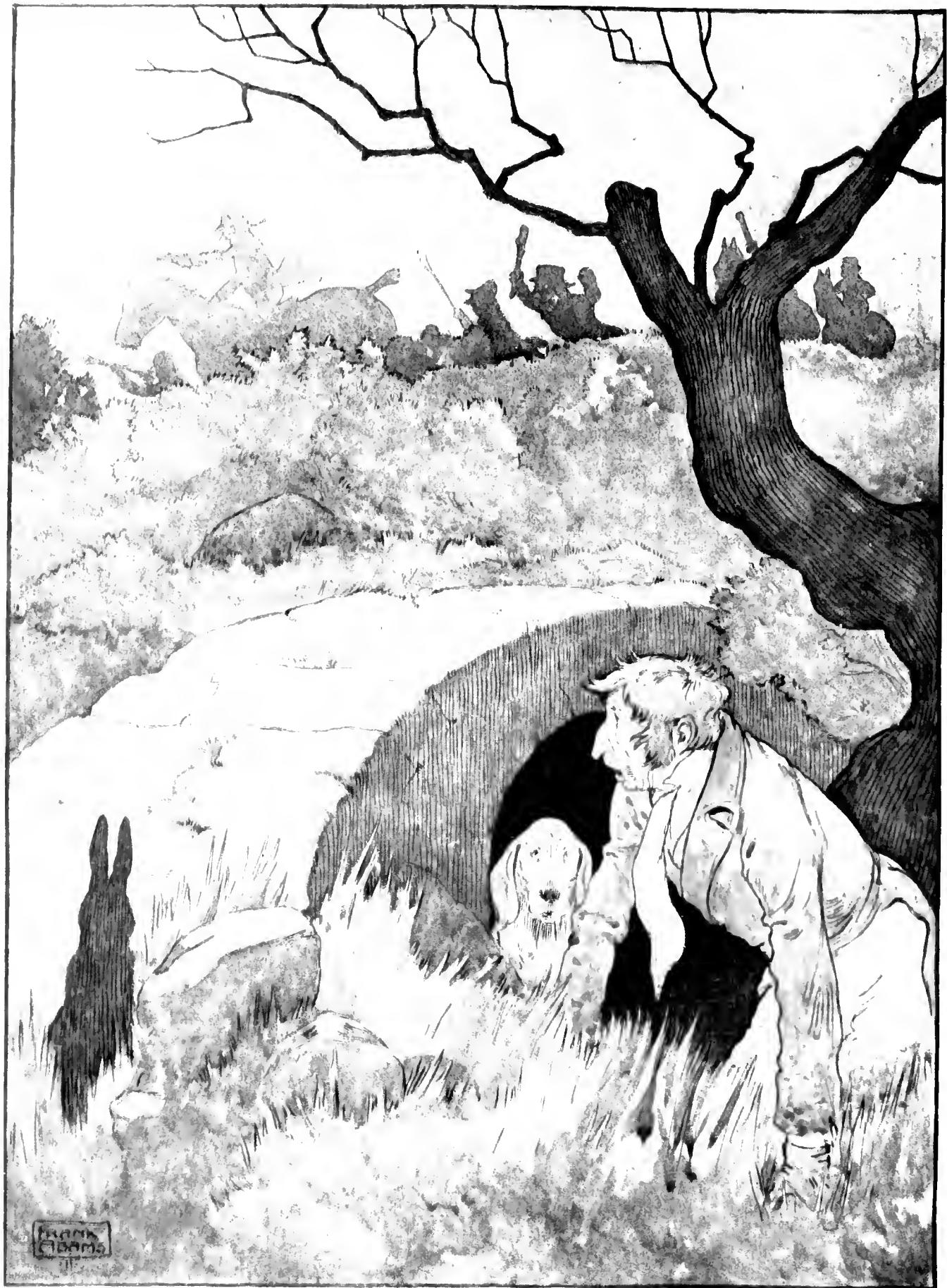


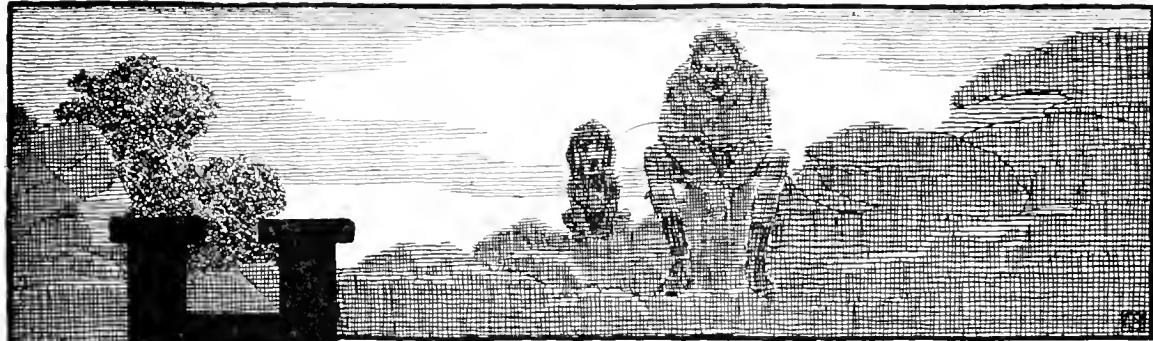
PUSS swore with such spite, they
were glad to retire,
By a pony track over the moor;
But what with the boulders, the gorse, and
the mire,
Their progress was painfully poor.

Till Jerry, half-famished, endeavoured to jog
Down a track that grew thinner and
thinner,
And finally, taking a toss in a bog,
Had a mouthful of mud for his dinner.



FRANK
ADAMS





H E'D never been quite so unlucky before,
To the best of his honest belief,
And still he'd another adventure in store;
For some rustics were chasing a thief.

In the dusk they were quite convinced Jerry
was he,
And captured the horse he was riding,
While the huntsman crouched down by the
stump of a tree
To secure—and escape from—a hiding.



THAT night in the bar of "The
Three Cornered Hat"

He ran his two cronies to earth,
And his plight was so mournful and woe-
begone, that
The rafters resounded with mirth.

Then, snug by the fire, with their toddy at
hand,

While the Landlady mended their tatters,
They declared, one and all, that the sport
had been grand—

And, after all, nothing else matters!



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Three Jolly Huntsmen



Joe - Jerry and Jim

